



A Lived Life

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CONNECTION

To transport your heart
on the wings of prayer
is to bring it safe to me.
That I may cherish
and hold it near
for all eternity.

To hear it beating near me
Like a deep, ancestral drum.
Fills me with a longing—
Two hearts joined as one.

ELEMENTS

Rain's challenge: her icy hand
raw across your cheek
causing you to pause, to reflect
upon the times the sun
shined yet within you
there was no smile
to welcome it—

Wind pummels you. He calls to you,
“Stand up and fight
Show me you're alive.”

Afire with life,
you raise your head.
Ears burning from the taunt.
You set your gaze
to the goal ahead
and accepting fate, smile.
You stride forward
embracing the day
lighting the way
with your passing.

DYSFUNCTION

For the one inside
 who was so free?
That Fate's cruel hand
 had turned the key?
So locked inside
 glimpsed fleetingly?
You spend your days
 in solitary.

COME AUTUMN

One by one they turn
slowly brown, sound of paper.
Falling in slow spirals, trailing in the air
coming to rest, isolated from the whole
but then seeing more follow
their fate—

Until the whole
becomes a
shadow
of it's
former icy blasts the last leaf
Self voicing hollow sighs to the ground
The wind rips through the branches
It stands naked to the elements wishing for another spring.

CELEBRATION

I mourn for the lost boy
I call you back from the grave
I lament the small deaths
I cry for all slights
I ask for his rebirth
I proclaim he is reborn

CALLING DOWN THE MOTHER

Rooted in the past we
abide the ageless guardians
of forest, and glen.
Antlers connecting with the source
meeting earth and sky.
Holding our breath
we commune with their oneness.
Centred they stand
amid a grove of trees both
regal, awesome.
In their unquestioned mastery
of their environment.

BUDS

I

Huddled safe from the tempest—
Nature glimpsed though the glass
while birds decorate the branches
queuing for human largesse.
The wind races clouds across the sky,
like cotton wool thrown to the wind.
The buds push forth their heads:
a promise for the coming spring.

II

The clock's leaden hands crawl
slowly across its face.
A sound like tears falling down
hollow wells
its sad song echoing
solitary sighs.
Suddenly, nature's timeswitch
clicks on and bulbs poke
their heads above ground.
Buds fill trees like
outstretched fingers
the leaves unfurl and yawning
wave at the sun.

BLOODLINES

Come little one
step into the light.
Let the spark
burn bright tonight.
The world waits
with bated breath.
To behold you
in the flesh.

To celebrate
that you are born.
Another star
to herald the dawn.

ANXIETY

Tension holds his head lovingly
in the vice's jaws embrace.
Pushing down on me
are my fears and expectations.
Hot and anxious
I strive to achieve
the demands that
I put upon myself.
How hard to be
just me
to let go
of all of me.
And just be
me!

